

THE DIAL

A Monthly Index of Current Literature



PUBLISHED BY
JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1882.

[Vol. II, No. 21.]
TERMS—\$1.50 PER YEAR.

CONTENTS.

JAMES T. FIELDS. <i>Robert Collyer</i>	208
RICHARD COBDEN. <i>A. L. Chapin</i>	206
A POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF U.S. HISTORY. <i>W. F. Poole</i>	209
CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR. <i>Theodore A. Dodge</i>	211
A PAIR OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS. <i>H. A. Huntington</i>	214
A CLUMSY BIOGRAPHER. <i>Charles Mills Gayley</i>	216
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	218
Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass.—Alden's Christopher Columbus.—Warner's Captain John Smith.—The Hiram College Memorial to President Garfield.—My Wife and My Wife's Sister.—Björnson's A Happy Boy.—Soboleski's Poets and Poetry of Poland.—Balch's Peculiar People.—Max Adeler's The Fortunate Island.—Shepherd's Authors and Authorship.—Tender and True.—Dr. Osgood's Winter and Its Dangers.—Wheeler's Who Wrote It?—Morgan's The Shakespearean Myth.—Kendig's Sketches of Travel.	
LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS	221
BOOKS OF THE MONTH	222
PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS	224

JAMES T. FIELDS.*

It was pleasant news the papers brought us in the later summer, that Mrs. Fields was writing a memoir of her husband; and this book, published so promptly, will bring the purest pleasure to the hosts of friends Mr. Fields won and held in so many ways, while the touch of fear those may have felt who were most intimate with him, that a wife who was still sitting within the shadows of death, and must be subject as yet to the burden of her great bereavement, would write a threnody rather than a biography, will be quite dispelled. The book is full of mellow sunshine, and is fresh and sweet as soft winds blowing from the southwest. It is a lovely book to look at, also,

* JAMES T. FIELDS. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND PERSONAL SKETCHES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and to touch, as was most fitting in the memoirs of one who hated meanness in types and paper, and is printed with a perfection which leaves nothing to desire. We may venture to hope, also, that this first record of the life of a man whose career is so intimately blended with what is noblest and best in the literature and life of our time will not be the last. It should not be the last, and cannot be. The line drawn by Mrs. Fields between the living and the dead is touched with the delicate instinct all who know her were sure she would show, and it is a great pity so few are able to draw this line who have such work to do. But this can be but a percentage of the great wealth of notes made by Mr. Fields through the fifty years of his life in Boston, and of letters which may be printed when the line is moved by the hand of time so that those can be included who are still on the earth.

And if the volume is to be subject at all to the discontent we must still feel toward the best we can do, and the best they can do for whose work we feel most jealous, the one word of criticism we might write is this: that we do not find any adequate emphasis in it of the rugged strength, as of granite or Swedish iron, which lay within the man whose life, to the apprehension of those who could merely see what lay on the surface, was only sweet and refreshing as a queen's garden. It was not possible, as I take it, to underscore this grand quality of the finest manhood in this beautiful bit of work. The heart and eyes and the hand were "holden" to what they must do as well as to what they must leave undone. But when the last word is said about Mr. Fields, this will be found in the record: that underneath the beauty and sweetness which was so abundant, the fine humor which took us captive in his home and on the platform, and the gentle heart which made him to me the perfect type of an American gentleman—and

that is the best I have found,—there was a solid endurance and power to hold and to bind which was still, to my thinking, the noblest of all. Once sure the thing was right, he must do or refuse to do, and this was the end of all controversy. His *No* was as the refusal of Mount Washington to slide down into Casco Bay. I never met a man whose pivot, in a life that seemed to turn so easily, lay deeper in the cup. His good-will to men, his laughter-loving heart, his quaint and curious fancies, and his faculty for glassing all the lights and shadows of a company or a day, made it easy for those who did not know him wholly to imagine he was only what he seemed. He was a man with solemn and sacred deeps of conviction and character such as one seldom finds;—a man with “A correspondence fixed wth heaven.” The kindly and sunny heart was strong and sure as the pillars of the world. I have known no man in all my life I could tie to with a more absolute conviction that the rock and ring would hold, no matter about the strain.

It was the good fortune of those who knew him best, also, to know how far he was from being a mere man of the world and of society, and how much deeper than even his love of letters lay a certain simple piety and allegiance to heaven. The reader will find a hint of this here and there in these sketches, and we may easily understand why no more is said when we remember that this was something he never spoke of with intention, but left it to be proven rather by the tenor of his life. But early in his life he was deeply moved through the preaching of Mr. Maffit, a man of great note among the Methodists forty years ago; would make word-pictures for us sometimes of his wonderful power over men, and especially over women; and I could not but feel that some fine spiritual influence had gone into the boy's heart, through his ministry, though he was carefully trained in the faith of the Unitarians, and was true to this training to the end of his life. So for this reason, as well as for their high worth as preachers and as men, he loved to hear George Putnam and Starr King, and to count as his minister Cyrus Bartol; but he had a great hospitality toward good preachers of any name, and to some who were only middling. In the best of them he found deep calling unto deep, and toward the rest it was a kindly affection; though he would

follow no man, but held his heart and mind free to serve God in his own way, as was most fitting to a man of his make.

Mr. Fields was also a man of what we may call a native inward light, or, if that term will not stand, then I may say his intuitions were swift and certain as those of a finely endowed woman. The reader will find hints of this faculty in the book. It began to appear when he found he could fairly divine what book any man would want who came into the store. It must have been very pleasant, also, for his employers to find he could bring this power to bear with quite a wonderful exactness in selecting such books as would be bought gladly by the public. And he told me something of this once as we were walking across the common. “I used to get my best ideas,” he said, “when I was in business, walking across Boston Common in the morning to the store. The poets in blue and gold came to me just about here, and in a flash; and so a great many things would come to me I have managed to make good, and so I like to take this walk.” And this, no doubt, lay within his large success as a bookseller and publisher. He durst be true to his intuition. No man in New England could “calculate” more precisely or go about the business detail more clearly than he could; but this swift insight was his royal gift, through which not only in the making of books but in drawing about the great old house those who stand among the foremost authors in both worlds, he has hitherto found no peer among the publishers of our time. I have not heard that he ever let a thoroughly good book slip through his hands, and it is wonderful to notice how very few poor books, or books that are easily forgotten, are to be found in the old lists. Old John Murray was no match for him in this, or Archibald Constable.

Some men are said to have a genius for friendship. It would be hard to find a man with a finer share of this genius than Mr. Fields. And I have heard it said that some of this was mere self-seeking, and the desire to be as the moon to the sun; but I think no greater mistake could be made. He had the purest reverence for genius of any man I have known—the most genuine and whole-hearted; and so, when he found what he was always looking for, he did not stand off and wait to see whether the lion might not after all turn

out to be an ass—he gave his great sunny heart to the man or woman without question or debate, and as he began he ended. He was also apt to be among the first to see the foot-prints of the fair goddess others could not see for the dust or the mire. I remember meeting a man at his table who has since won a great name as a humorist of a very choice grain, but who was then quite obscure; and he said to me, after he had gone, "That man will yet be known and heard of all over these states." And it was this that gave him his great place as the friend of men whose regard might well be as a crown to those who can win it. He stood on perfectly equal terms with every man he met in all but this: that to their genius he would bare his head when it was welded fast to goodness, and when it was otherwise he would still stay and lend a hand as a friend that sticketh closer than a brother—give his time to aid them, and his money; and then, when they died or sunk out of sight, speak of them with a most tender and enduring regret.

So it was natural that in such rare company he should be always at his best, and that his home should be the one place to which they all came who are famous in art and letters. Not much of this is told in the book before us, because to the writer it would seem too nearly like self-praise; for the warmth and light and pleasantness of the place to all who came there depended also on the good wife's presence and beautiful hospitality. But the bright talks in which Mr. Fields was always the leader, when the need was, can never be forgotten. No one ever stood on stilts or sat on briars in their house, or was left neglected in a corner. Host and hostess had an eye to those who might be saying, "I am nothing and nobody"; and without seeming to be aware of it themselves, made such persons feel they were something and somebody; while among the great men and women of our own nation there was never the slightest shadow of assumption. Nothing could be more simple and gracious than their bearing; you could not guess by a look or a tone they had ever written a line anybody would care to read, or painted a picture, or stormed you in a play. It was something also we may none of us forget, who are now left, to draw up to the window or the fire when there were but three or four and have Anthony Trollope tell us why

he did not marry dear Lily Dale in the small house at Allington, and Sothorn tell us how he found Lord Dundreary, and hear Mrs. Stowe tell stories of Sam Lawson not to be found in the books, and Bayard Taylor—who was already touching the shadows of death when I last met him—talk so pleasantly of the work he meant to do before he went away, and then, when the news came of his sudden departure, to wonder how we ever could imagine that such intelligences can be blotted out when the eyes close and the hand drops the pen.

Mention is made, in a few strong and sure lines, of the "Saturday Club," of which Mr. Fields was one of the founders. It was a rare treat to go there with him when one wandered in from the West, and to sit down to one of Parker's good dinners and hear the capital talk, which was never by any chance of "shop." It was my good fortune to go with him to the first meeting Professor Agassiz attended after his return from South America. Mrs. Fields has made good mention of this meeting; but only those who were there could tell the delight of the old Club to get its comrade back again, or of the bright and eager traveller to be there. They were merry as schoolboys let loose for an unexpected holiday. There was no limit to their delight, shown in all ways frank and free, and in many ways one would not expect from men of their name and fame. Yet when you watched them shyly from your corner, you could think of nothing more pleasant than to see them behave in just that fashion. And as we sat there eating our dinner, questions and answers played about the table like summer lightning, and one might imagine the Professor had been in paradise to hear him talk, until, in the pause which came after one of his choicest pictures, one cried, "But, Professor, how about the alligators?" Whereat the good eyes twinkled and a smile began to play about his mouth, and he said, "I did not mean to tell you about the alligators this time; but since I must, I will say I counted eighteen in one place not much bigger than this room." It was something to hear the laugh which followed this confession.

I need make but the briefest mention of the love Mr. Fields nourished to the last for the country, and his unworn interest in the beauty of land and sea. I think the roses

grew sweeter for him as he grew older, and the smell of new-mown hay, and the saltiness of the sea by Manchester, and the summer shadows in the woods, and the racy talk of farmers and fishermen grew ever more delightful, and the greetings he would get from those who turned out in country-places to hear his lectures, and a thousand things which drift down to commonplace as we get along in years if we do not take care to keep something of the boy's heart beating beneath the gray head. The last time I went with him far afield, we took the road on a May morning out toward Brighton, and wandered on until we came to the summit of a hill, from which we could see great spaces of earth and sky, Mount Auburn, and Boston, and the sea, and farmsteads, and orchards, all familiar to him, for he could only be content with the amplest neighborhood; and there we sat in the sunshine chatting of the old times. In just one month less than a year we went out over the same road again, a score or so of old friends; and he was with us, but not as our old companion. He was with us, but he had been touched by a glory which can only come once, and was translated so that he should not see death. It had been a right April day, fitful with sunshine and shadow. But when we came to the grand God's-acre, and gathered to look for the last time on the face we loved so well, the steady light came out with a tender radiance and rested on him while the Lord's Prayer was said; and still, as I think of it, I see only the face, all restful as that of a man in a quiet sleep, touched with the unspeakable beauty and dignity of death, and must always think of him now as one asleep in the sunshine and whispering to us through the silence: We are "not unclothed, but clothed upon, and mortality is swallowed up of life."

In an old church near where I first found myself, there is a stone of a date in the middle ages, on which I used to spell out this epitaph:

Geneth these stones — my bones — lie still.

My soul wandeth — where — God will.

Yet if it is indeed true, as I take it, that we can leave some hint of the way we may wend, then I am sure that this good man has gone in the direction of the old friends he loved — Leigh Hunt and the rest of them, and of the father who was lost at sea, and "the kindest and tenderest mother in the world," and

others for whom he found ample room in his ever-faithful heart, whose names are written in the book of *his* life, and in heaven.

ROBERT COLLYER.

RICHARD COBDEN.*

Nearly seventeen years have elapsed since death came in to close the earthly life of Richard Cobden—a life full of interest for its wonderful activity and energy, for its striking individual characteristics, and for its identification, through a period of thirty years, with some most important steps of progress in the policy of the English government and in the free intercourse of nations. No full sketch of that life has been heretofore given to the public; but as we take up the memoir now presented, the delay seems an occasion of rejoicing rather than of regret. Only the lapse of time, which clears away prejudices and tests and illustrates his principles and acts, can set a genuine statesman and philanthropist in the true light for accurate portraiture. The turn of events, too, is just now bringing prominently into notice, for criticism and discussion, the world over, those measures on which Mr. Cobden expended his best thought and labor.

The biographer has done his work faithfully and well. Through all these six hundred and fifty pages he keeps Mr. Cobden living, speaking, acting before us in the scenes and associations in which he made his growth and did his work. To some it may seem that there is too much fullness of detail, especially in quotations from letters and speeches; but this is necessary to the exhaustive presentation of the man and his times which the author aimed to give. The book is intended, as in the nature of the subject it ought, to be not merely a biography, but also a contribution to history and to the science of political economy and sound government. We venture to predict that hereafter the careful study of this book will be regarded essential to a thorough understanding of the history of Great Britain for the period from 1835 to 1865, and that it will be a standard book of reference in the discussion of questions of economics and international law. It will serve this purpose all the better because it is sent forth not as "a polemical hand-book for controversy," but

* THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN. By John Morley, Barrister-at-law. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

as a full and fair report of Mr. Cobden's strong and positive convictions, of the soundness of which each reader may judge for himself.

Within the space allotted us, we cannot give an abstract of the book, nor even an outline of the life. We can attempt no more than to call attention to a few points of special interest and importance which make the book more than ordinarily attractive to thoughtful readers.

Mr. Cobden's career illustrates the open way which even aristocratic old England presents for a man of capacity, industry, and integrity, to rise from the ranks of the lowly to positions of highest eminence and influence. It may be doubted whether republican America offers better chances for real worth to win deserved honors. The freer scope given in our country to mere pretenders hinders the appreciation and due reward of genuine merit. During the last century many of England's ablest statesmen have come from the ranks of her commoners—self-made men in the best sense of the term. Among them Richard Cobden takes a seat in the front. His ancestors were yeomen of the soil. Born June 3, 1804, in an old farm-house in a sequestered corner of West Sussex, one of eleven children, he knew the trials of a poverty-stricken home. His opportunities for education were scanty, but his eagerness and aptness to learn were constant and irrepressible. Thrown upon his own resources at the age of fifteen, he found a place as clerk with an uncle in London, where, against the admonition of his employer, he found and used facilities to gratify his thirst for knowledge. Advanced at twenty to the position of a traveller, he began that open-eyed study of men and things which was better for him than the study of books, and in which he became an adept. By means of credit based on his character, he entered into a mercantile partnership at twenty-four; and in his twenty-eighth year he took up the business of manufacturing print-goods, in which he showed such capacity and energy as promised him a speedy fortune. But all along there was developing in him that generous public spirit which characterized his whole life. Others must have the benefit of what he knew and thought. He was impelled to write and speak, as one said, "up to the top of his knowledge." At the ripe age of thirty-one he discussed in anonymous news-

paper articles commercial and economical questions with rare ability. In the same year he issued his first political pamphlet, entitled "England, Ireland, and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer." It attracted great attention, and ran through several editions. From that time his influence began to be felt as a power in public affairs. He soon identified himself with the Anti-corn Law movement, in which he was drawn into a close friendship with John Bright, which was for the rest of his life like the friendship of David and Jonathan. In 1841 he was returned to Parliament; and that, with the exception of a brief interval, was the arena of his subsequent life-work. There, in debate, he measured swords with men of highest rank and renown, and was never worsted. His eloquence was not that of refined oratory, but that of strong, clear thought, which is the power for effective persuasion. He was not given to long speeches, but was ready to make his points on all subjects. When Cobden rose to speak, the House stilled itself to listen, and his opponents could not be indifferent. Though strong and immovable in his convictions, he was not narrow-minded. His power lay in his broad, far-reaching views. His judgment was respected, and his wise statesmanship was more and more appreciated. Thus he came to be employed in delicate diplomatic negotiations with France. Twice he was urged to take a place in the ministry. The Queen would gladly have honored him with a title of nobility. But these honors he declined, partly from principle, but more because he felt that the House of Commons was his true place of power, and he was right; the title which best becomes him he won for himself—the great Commoner.

We notice next a singular consistency and thorough balance of mind in Mr. Cobden's character and career as a reformer. Most men who enter on a similar course run into some fanaticism, are carried to extremes, become intolerant and denunciatory, and adopt unwise, often unjustifiable, measures to carry their ends. There is a singular absence of anything of this kind in the spirit, speech, or action of this man. True, the position he took in the struggle to abolish the Corn-laws was regarded in the outset as fanatical and extreme. But the patient perseverance and steady adhesion to principle which he main-

tained through the ten years of conflict present him now in the retrospect as a gifted seer whose vision was clearer and broader than that of most men. His sound judgment guided the movement all the way to its successful result; and the biography reveals the secret of both his convictions and his measures. Underlying all there was a deep, warm-hearted Christian philanthropy possessing his soul. He started out, not as the champion of one interest or one class against others—not as a manufacturer against agriculturists—he stood on the floor of Parliament, not as a partisan of the opposition pitted against the administration; but the Corn-laws sustained a monopoly which violated the inherent rights of men and produced widespread misery, and he stood manfully and persistently for the correction of the wrong. It was the same spirit that prompted him to denounce the great armaments maintained by Christian nations, which provoke jealousies and foster the war-spirit, to oppose England's intervention in the Crimean war, to contend for arbitration to settle disputes between nations, and to urge all measures which tend to bring the rules of international law to harmonize with the golden rule of Christ. His sympathies flowed spontaneously out toward all peoples struggling for liberty and the rights of men. In our late civil war his love of peace led him to deprecate at first the attempt to subdue the seceded states by military force; but as soon as he apprehended the great moral issues involved, his heart was with us in the struggle, and his voice was raised in earnest against England's course in giving aid and comfort to rebellion.

We find a lesson of true wisdom also in the thoroughness and efficiency with which he presented his work of reform. It was not enough for him simply to define principles, and proclaim them through the press and from the platform, and to contend for them in the parliamentary debates. He saw that the voice of the nation, and only the voice of the nation, could carry the great measure; and hence he was untiring in the arduous work of pleading in personal contact with men all over the country, to convert them to his views. In such labor, that magnetic power of persuasion which he possessed in a preëminent degree was singularly effective. It prevailed not only with the manufacturers,

but with the farmers, and to some extent with the landlords, till the voice of the people came up to Westminster full and strong demanding the repeal.

Then, too, Cobden's singular patriotic self-devotion is a noble example to those who would serve the public in a good cause. In his own absorption in public affairs, he had to leave his manufacturing interests to the charge of his brother, who lacked energy and skill. The wealth that was just within his reach when he went into public life was lost, and he was saved from bankruptcy only by the aid of friends who appreciated the service he had rendered the country, and contributed, as a national testimonial, nearly eighty thousand pounds for his relief. Cobden came out of the Corn-law conflict the most popular man in England, and indeed in all Europe; for in travelling over the continent he was honored everywhere as no mere civilian was ever honored before. But when the questions of the Crimean war and the Chinese war and the Indian policy came up he still followed his convictions, and for the time sacrificed all this popularity by steadfastly opposing the mad war spirit of his countrymen.

Our limited space compels the omission of some other points worthy of note. We can only add that the careful reader of the book must be struck with Mr. Cobden's far-seeing sagacity in anticipating and wisely answering many questions of policy which have come up since his death, preëminently those which concern poor Ireland, and the relations of England with other European powers. If the nations could but have guiding their administrations more heads and hearts like Cobden's, the reign of peace and good-will on earth would begin without long delay. The publication of this book is timely, and must work an influence for good in that direction.

The book comes to us with one serious defect: it wants a full index as a guide for reference. Many important subjects are touched upon and presented in divers lights. One who has read the book will be glad to turn to choice passages, but it is not easy to find them. The preparation of a fit index would not involve great labor, and, once prepared, it would greatly enhance the usefulness and value of the book.

A. L. CHAPIN.

A POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.*

If Mr. Benson J. Lossing be the author of this work, as appears on the title-page, there is an impropriety in not calling it "Lossing's Cyclopædia"; but if, as is probable, Mr. Lossing, under an arrangement with the publishers, has contributed some of the articles, superintended the work of a corps of collaborators, supplied the excellent illustrations from his other works, and furnished his own good name as a figure-head, the compilation is rightly called "Harpers' Cyclopædia." Under such an arrangement it was possible to have made a model Cyclopædia of United States History.

No writer has done more to popularize the history of his own country than Mr. Lossing. His "Field Book of the American Revolution," his "Field Book of the War of 1812," his "Pictorial History of the War of the Rebellion," and his "Mount Vernon and its Associations," are, of their kind, unique in our historical literature. Their merit is in the artistic and truthful illustrations, drawn by his own hand, with which they abound, and in the local information he has picked up in his visits to localities which he has illustrated. As an historical artist Mr. Lossing has no equal; but as a student of history and writer many outrank him. He has no taste for the laborious investigation needed to secure entire accuracy, and little tact in sifting evidence and dealing with conflicting statements. His reading in the later results of historical criticism appears, in the work before us, to be much narrower than we had supposed. It is enough for his purpose in this Cyclopædia that a narrative be picturesque and have some authority behind it. The pretty legend of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith by throwing her arms around the prisoner's neck and laying her head upon his, is an exploded myth; and yet it goes into Harpers' Cyclopædia in its full proportions, and without an intimation that the whole story has been proved to be fabulous. Other old fables which have been ventilated by the criticism of the last two or three decades are retold as if their truthfulness had never been questioned. We have in

an hour culled from these two stout volumes a curious "list of exploded myths treated as historical verities" which, if printed, would outrun the limits of this notice.

The articles relating the wars of the revolution, 1812, and the rebellion, are the best, as these subjects have been the special study of the editor. The next in merit are those relating to New York and the Middle States; and the poorest are those on the early history of New England, and on the West. This result can readily be explained without assuming an intention on the part of the editor, publishers, or collaborators, of doing anything else than equal and exact justice to all. They are New Yorkers, and look at persons and events through the medium of Manhattan spectacles. To a New Yorker, early New England was always a monstrosity and a puzzle. He never could understand why New Englanders should have persisted in making themselves miserable in setting up and maintaining a political and social system based on religious convictions. He questions whether their piety, for which he supposes they sacrificed the pleasures of this world, was anything more than snivelling hypocrisy. The early Province of New York was singularly free from the infatuation of piety and virtue. Col. Heathcote, a member of the provincial council, and for three years mayor of New York, writing, in 1704, to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," said: "I found it the most rude and heathenish country I ever saw in my whole life which called themselves Christians, there being not so much as the least marks or footsteps of religion of any sort." Lewis Morris, chief justice of the New York Province, wrote, in 1711, to the same society thus: "The greatest part of the English in this Province are the scum of the New, who brought as many opinions as persons, but neither religion nor virtue, and have acquired very little since." This extract is not taken from "Harpers' Cyclopædia," but may be found in O'Callaghan's "Documentary History of New York," v. 3, p. 152.

We can perhaps illustrate the manner in which early New England topics are treated by looking at the article "Blue Laws." We are told that "the Connecticut code of 1650 was issued in blue-paper covers. From this fact they derived the name. Copies found their way to England, where they first re-

* HARPERS' POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By Benson J. Lossing. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ceived the name of 'Blue Laws.' Not a particle of evidence exists to sustain this statement as to the origin of the term. The word "blue," or "blew,"—meaning fixed, faithful, constant,—is as old as Chaucer's time; and when fixed principles went out of fashion in England on the restoration of Charles II, whatever was fixed, serious and rigid in morals and religion was termed "blue," or "true blue," and was applied as a term of reproach to Puritans and Presbyterians. The word with this meaning has not become obsolete in our day. Butler, in his "Hudibras," published in 1663, says:

"For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue."

The Connecticut code of 1650 was milder than that of Massachusetts, Virginia, or England; and yet to New Yorkers, who had no religion at all, it seemed strict, and hence "blue." The term "Blue Laws" was first used in New York. What, for the past hundred years, has been called the "Blue Laws" is a malicious and fictitious code invented by the Rev. Samuel Peters, a Tory Episcopal rector banished from Connecticut during the revolutionary war, which was first printed in London in 1781. The writer of the article in the Cyclopædia gets over this fraud as easily as possible, without giving the name of the lying rector, or making a cross-reference to his name where the fraud is mildly alluded to. Another article, "Witchcraft," is a travesty and a burlesque. It is too absurd to criticise; and, so far as its statements are concerned, would, as a composition, be discreditable to a school-boy in the fourth form.

We might expect that the compiler of a Cyclopædia of United States History, who recognized the right of the West to have a show in such a compilation, would have an article on the "Ordinance of 1787." By that name the most important act of national legislation relating to the Western States is known in history; and the name gives no clew to its meaning. No such article appears *in loco*, and no cross-reference to one. Is it possible that the editor has never heard of the act of July 13, 1787, by that name? The most natural inference would be that the subject was omitted; but not so. It is put under "Northwestern Territory," where no one, except a person who knew what the term meant, could find it. The date when the

Ordinance was enacted is accurate, and that is the only correct item in the article. The writer knew nothing of the recent and little of the earlier discussions on the subject.

To James A. Garfield, whose record is brought down to his election as President, twenty lines are given and no picture; to Fred. Douglass, twenty-three lines and a picture; to Anson Burlingame, fifty lines; to Sitting Bull, fifty-six lines; to Leslie Combs, sixty lines and picture; and to Benj. F. Butler, one hundred and forty-two lines and a picture. This is about the way honors are distributed. Englishmen and Frenchmen who were never in the country come in for their record in American history: Sir Edward Coke, who died in 1633, forty-two lines; Beaumarchais, author of the "Marriage of Figaro," fifty-five lines; and William Pitt, seventy lines and a full-length portrait. Silas Deane appears once in his proper place, with sixty-three lines and a picture, and a second time under "First American Diplomat to France," with fifty more lines, and no cross-reference between the two notices.

Abraham Lincoln's record is broken up into fourteen separate articles (in the midst of which the life of Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, with a picture, is injected), but none of these speak of his tragic death. If the reader be fortunate, he will find the sad recital in the other volume, under "Assassination of President Lincoln." Under "Surrender" will be found the "Surrender of Burgoyne," but not the "Surrender of Cornwallis." One reads in history about "Pine-tree shillings," and looks in vain for a description of the coin in its proper place. He then tries "Mint," with no better success. If by good luck he should turn to "First Mint Established in the English American Colonies," he will find what he wants, and a picture of a "Pine-tree shilling." Sixteen columns, so far as our present investigations have extended, have been devoted to Fort Sumter; but the matter is scattered broadcast through the two volumes on some principle which we have failed to discover. Under "Sumter" there is nothing—not even a cross-reference. Under "Fort Sumter" there are two anecdotes, which take two columns, one concerning Edmund Ruffin touching off the first gun, and the other concerning Peter Hart accompanying Mrs. Anderson to the Fort. Under "Fall of Fort

Sumter" there are four columns; "*Relief of Fort Sumter*," two columns; "*Evacuation of Fort Sumter*," two columns; "*Anderson at Fort Sumter*," five columns; and "*Wigfall at Fort Sumter*," one column. It is only a matter of chance that the reader would find these articles. The few cross-references inserted are generally wrong. Why this information was not brought together under "Sumter," or "Fort Sumter," should have been explained. If we have detected any principle in the arrangement of the matter, it is in scattering it as much as possible, and putting it where nobody would be likely to find it.

Although the arrangement and many of the articles are like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, "as bad as bad could be," the illustrations and typography are up to the high standard of Harpers' publications. W. F. POOLE.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

I.

To satisfy the critical reader, a history of military operations should keep before his mind, constantly and without effort, the strategic manœuvres of the contestants, while the tactical evolutions of the battle-field and the part borne by individual bodies of troops are detailed without confusion. In the narration of so extensive a struggle as our civil war, in addition to these desiderata, it is essential to keep in view the larger strategic movements by which the armies of the East and West, and the navies along the coast and upon the rivers, acted with common purpose. As few painters have wrought in minute detail without sacrifice of general effect, so with historians. And up to the present, no history of our war has so nearly fulfilled these conditions as the splendid work of the Comte de Paris. But, only advanced to the end of 1862, this history is still a thing of the future.

The Messrs. Scribner now offer to the public a dozen volumes, written by as many authors, the whole aiming to become our standard history. That the names warrant good work is undeniable, and the treatment of the first four volumes, which carry us to

the fall of 1862, is excellent. There is much that is new; more that is old is clothed in a new garb. There is a fund of detail which renders these volumes peculiarly valuable to participants in the campaigns they narrate; for every old soldier can trace in their pages his own share in the conflict and fight his battles anew. These volumes may doubtless be taken as a fair sample of the whole, and the whole will make a contribution of great value to our war literature. But the series is subject to this defect: Each author writes in his own style, and uses his own methods. Hence a lack of homogeneity is apparent in the work taken as a history. Not only is this defect inherent in the plan, but some gaps are unavoidable between the volumes, and the reader himself has to be at the effort of keeping the general field of operations before his mind. Probably the publishers intend the "Mississippi" and "one other" volumes to cover the work of our navy and river flotillas. But it somewhat disturbs the chronological thinker to wait till the land forces have fired all but their last gun to hear of Farragut's gallant capture of New Orleans, or of the various successful lodgments on the coast.

The initial volume starts out with the circular letter of Governor Gist, of South Carolina, to the governors of the other cotton states, in October, 1860, asking an interchange of opinion on the subject of secession, and carries us to the end of the picturesque battle of Bull Run. Putting aside the fact that Mr. Nicolay, when referring to the leaders who wheedled or drove the half-reluctant population of the South into open rebellion, deals too much in the old "treason-must-be-made-odious" style, the volume is excellent in matter and treatment. The political troubles succeeding Mr. Lincoln's election, Sumter, the uprising of the North, Baltimore, Washington, are each graphically portrayed; and some incidents are brought forward which show how near akin was treason to loyalty in those troublous days—such as the offering by General Scott of the command of the Union forces to Robert E. Lee, in April, 1861.

The early calculations of the secession leaders were based on carrying into their confederacy Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and all states south of these. Putting aside

* THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Vol. I.—The Outbreak of Rebellion; by John G. Nicolay, Private Secretary of President Lincoln. Vol. II.—From Fort Henry to Corinth; by Hon. M. F. Force. Vol. III.—The Peninsula; by Alexander S. Webb, LL.D., Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac, etc. Vol. IV.—The Army Under Pope; by John C. Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the trans-Mississippi conflicts as having no bearing upon the more important strategic operations, the primary line of defense of the new belligerent was to be the Ohio river and the northern boundary of Maryland. A glance at the map shows how large is the territory so covered, as compared with the loyal states, and quells our wonder at the opinion foreigners at first held as to the probable issue of our struggle. But in the seething of political uncertainties, Kentucky was saved to the Union; the western half of Virginia followed her water-courses and affiliated with Ohio; while the troubles in Baltimore culminated in the half-willing redemption of Maryland. The Potomac thus became a northern barrier instead of a southern base, and the Confederates were driven to substitute the Rappahannock in Virginia, and west of the Alleghanies a line weak because tapped by the Mississippi, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee; which rivers became at once available to our armies as lines of operation and supply. And the early seizure of Cairo and Paducah, together with the rescue of Missouri by Blair and the gallant Lyon, enabled us to keep the war off loyal territory. Reluctant, however, to yield up control of Kentucky, and anxious to forestall our use of these rivers, the enemy speedily fortified Columbus, erected Forts Henry and Donelson, and established a strong camp of observation at the railroad centre of Bowling Green as an outpost to headquarters at Nashville. It will be remembered that in a country whose sparse population prevents its sustaining large armies, and where each contestant has to be victualled from his own base, lines of operation must follow navigable rivers or railroads. These were always seen in our war to play a larger part than in European campaigns, where both food and roads are abundant.

It was in Virginia that public opinion first worried our army into active operations. McDowell planned and executed, in July, 1861, his excellent Bull Run campaign; the raw troops on both sides fought gallantly; and had Patterson's senility not allowed Johnston to escape him in the valley and march to the assistance of Beauregard, McDowell would have added laurels to his always solid reputation. After Bull Run, McClellan, fresh from his easily won triumph in West Virginia, sat down to the task of

making a mob an army, and action was transferred to the West. The marching and countermarching in Missouri need not claim our attention. But in the shifting of commanders General Halleck early became chief player on the chess-board west of the Appalachians, while his subordinates accomplished the results attributed to him. Commodore Foote — with Grant's army in reserve — proved the value of gun-boats by capturing Fort Henry, in February, 1862; and Grant, ten days later, scored his first triumph as a staunch soldier by compelling the surrender of Donelson with its entire garrison. These successes broke the Confederate line, and A. S. Johnston retired from Bowling Green to Nashville, ceding to Buell possession of Kentucky. Untiring Grant now proposes to ascend the Tennessee and break the new Confederate line on the Memphis and Chattanooga railroad; and while McClellan is preparing for his Peninsula campaign, he transports his army to Pittsburgh Landing, whither Halleck despatches Buell across country to join him. Thus compromised, Johnston rapidly transfers his army to the aid of Beauregard at Corinth. These manoeuvres lead speedily to the first of those desperately contested struggles in which Americans have shown themselves preëminent. While McClellan is digging his way into Yorktown, A. S. Johnston — perhaps the most promising leader of the South — advances from Corinth early in April, and falls upon Grant's army at Shiloh with a suddenness we had in those early days not learned to guard against. The fervid genius of Sherman barely holds the Federal army together till nightfall, while Johnston is killed in the hour of his success. Happily, Buell comes to the rescue on the morrow, and Beauregard is forced from the field. Returning to Corinth, which he heavily fortifies, the Southern leader is leisurely followed up by Halleck, who in person opens a siege which would have sooner culminated had he left its direction to his more energetic second in command, Grant. Early in May, Beauregard abandons the place, and the necessary result of these successes follows in the fall of Memphis and the opening of the Mississippi down to Vicksburg.

The matter of General Force's volume is carefully collated; his manner, however, is somewhat obscure. He does not possess the rare capacity of saving his reader. It is with

some effort that one can keep in the current while noting the rapidly passing facts pointed out in such profusion.

Volume III again claims our attention for the Army of the Potomac, which McClellan has, after much delay, finally transferred to the Peninsula, and laboriously dug, marched, and fought, to the Chickahominy swamps. Vigor half equal to his ability should have enabled him at Centreville to crush Joe Johnston, who with 50,000 men had for eight months defied our Capital with 180,000 men about it; it should have cleared the Potomac of the impertinent blockade; it should have captured Norfolk, that nest of Merrimacs and gunboats; it should have brought him to the gates of Richmond months before. But now other influences are at work. Late in April, Jackson—who seems to have been created especially to become the unknown quantity in the problem of the Army of the Potomac—again begins his restless manœuvring in the valley and drives Banks back to the Potomac. Bred of unreasoning fears for the safety of Washington, action is immediately taken by the President to deprive McClellan of the assistance of McDowell with his 40,000 men. This blow to the *morale* of the army, or rather of its commander, weakens still more the conduct of this campaign. McClellan's offensive degenerates into mere self-protection, and Fair Oaks is but the prelude to the Seven Days. Lee, who has succeeded the wounded Johnston, calls upon Jackson; and this wonderful marcher, leaving a rear guard to keep up appearances, joins his chief and attacks McClellan's right at Mechanicsville and next day at Gaines's Mill. At this moment (June 27, 1862,) McClellan could have swung his left into Richmond; and for this object gallant F. J. Porter is losing one-third his corps. But, again misled by his Secret Service Chief as to the number of the enemy, the predetermined retreat begins, and the Seven Bloody Days end July 1, at Malvern Hill. In this retreat McClellan shows undoubted ability, but it is not the ability which accomplishes results. He could fight for existence, not for conquest. And when Halleck, wearing the laurels of his Western lieutenants, becomes General-in-chief, it is all over with the Peninsula campaign. Lee soon appreciates this fact, and initiates a new campaign on the old battle-ground, of which the Army of

Virginia, under Pope, is to bear the brunt, while the Army of the Potomac is dismembered and sent back whence it came to add to Pope's effective.

General Webb's book is broad, frank, discriminating, even-handed, generous in praise and blame. He apologizes for bearing hard upon the provoking changeableness of the President and his advisers. But who does not recognize both Mr. Lincoln's keen perceptions of the general bearing which politics should have on the operations in the field, as well as his military obtuseness? Harassed by a people at his back, which, with eminent propriety, demanded action, he was unable to preserve his confidence in a general who would not act. And when McClellan did act, the confidence had ebbed away. "General McClellan did not give to the will of the President and the demands of the people that weight in the formation of his plans of campaign to which they were entitled."

In the preface to Volume IV, Mr. Ropes gracefully but unnecessarily apologizes for his work as that of a civilian. Those who know him recognize his right to guide public opinion in military matters; and his scholarly essay on Pope's campaign is comprehensive, clear, and impartial.

While the Western armies are resting on their laurels, well earned by the recovery of Kentucky, Tennessee, and so material a part of the Mississippi river, Pope, for unknown reasons called to the command of the Virginia forces, opens his Eastern career by a general order so ill-judged as to rob him from the start of the confidence as well as sympathy of his subordinates. But Pope must not be held alone to blame for the issue of this campaign. He was brave, light-hearted under adversity, and sanguine. That he was unable to cope with Lee's steady purpose and Jackson's splendid march around his flank, must not rob him of what praise he fairly deserves. He was utterly outgeneralled; he never knew where his enemy was; he fought to no purpose. But when he did fight, it was with a will beyond his discretion; and he would have cheerfully marched out again to meet his late antagonist so soon as he had reached the protection of the defences of Washington. It was Halleck's secretiveness, and his illusory promises of reinforcements—rendered nugatory because he kept the actual facts both from Pope and

McClellan, so that neither could sustain the other—that were the real causes of failure; while Pope's lack of power to divine Lee's manœuvres, and his exhausting energy in parrying the thrusts he only imagined to be aimed at him, were immediately at fault. But from Cedar Mountain to Chantilly, the conduct of our troops stands out in brilliant relief from the manœuvring of their commander; while we cannot sufficiently wonder at the courage, patience, and muscular legs of the rebel veterans.

Without slurring any part of his subject, Mr. Ropes devotes much space to the dearly expiated error of Fitz John Porter,—an error of discretion only, as shown by facts now well known, and amply atoned for by his uniform gallantry. That Porter should have more definitely ascertained, by a reconnaissance in his front, the presence of Longstreet, is almost the only criticism that can be brought home to him. And what other officer, during our war, ever suffered for so slight an error? Moreover, every corps commander in the army was at that time in utter daze at the eccentric tactical combinations of Pope; while the troops were leg-weary, hungry, and without confidence in their chief.

Thus, by the fall of 1862, the Western armies have advanced in conquest over the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; the Army of the Potomac has twice advanced toward Richmond, and twice withdrawn to the protecting guns of the capital. Successful expeditions have been conducted by the combined army and navy against Port Royal, Roanoke, Pulaski, and some other points; while resolute Farragut has captured New Orleans, and gone as far up the river as Vicksburg.

THEODORE A. DODGE.

A PAIR OF AMERICAN NOVELISTS.*

Hitherto in the world's battle of the books, the standard of American literature has been borne by poets and historians. It seems now to be passing into the hands of the novelists. Certainly, neither our poets nor our historians of the younger generation can rightfully claim equal literary rank with Mr. How-

ells and Mr. James, whose voices, once heard only in the "Atlantic," are now audible on both sides of it. That these two authors should be frequently compared, is in the nature of things unavoidable: though they have no closer points of resemblance than that each is the master of a faultless style, that each makes a special study of female character, and that the contributions of both have appeared in the same magazine. In the present instance, however, it is for the sake of convenience, rather than for the purpose of comparison, that "Doctor Breen's Practice" and "The Portrait of a Lady" are made to share the same review.

Mr. James is emphatically a painter of drawing-room life—the sort of life for the delineation of which he sought many years ago to demonstrate the incapacity of George Eliot. More or less a product of the art enlightenment of the past ten years, he has come to look at humanity through stained glass. He is apt to miss the intrinsic in his worship of the luxurious or conventional accidents of life,—to "give to dust that is a little gilt, more laud than gilt o'er-dusted." We can hardly fancy him dealing with the genteel indigence. At the outset, Isabel Archer gives some bright promise of poverty, but it is never fulfilled. She has only to hold up her apron, and seventy thousand pounds drop into it. Almost on the threshold of her transatlantic career, she captivates her cousin, Ralph Touchett, and his friend Lord Warburton; and so unselfish is the former's unspoken love; that he persuades his dying father to leave half of his fortune to Isabel. This secures her the independence which from childhood has been the object of her aspiration, and an opportunity to develop the latent capacity for greatness which she is sure she possesses. Beautiful, clever, headstrong, and much given to self-satisfied introspection, she is prone to regard the world as a stage, life as her rôle, and her fellow-mortals as the stock company. The elder Touchett's money enables her to hire an orchestra, purchase the necessary scenery and costumes, and the play begins.

Leaving England strewn with her conquests—for an American lover has added himself to her insular victims,—Isabel proceeds to Florence, where cleverer Madame Merle takes her in hand, and marries her to a

*DOCTOR BREEN'S PRACTICE. By William D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

widower. Gilbert Osmond is a hollow-hearted wretch, with a rudimentary sense of the beautiful, just falling short of the artistic faculty, who thinks himself an artist, much as a fox might because he happens to be born with a brush. With him the æsthetic has driven out the ethical, and we dare say, viewed from the æsthetic standpoint, morals often look grim and forbidding. He has grown gray and bloodless on the thin fodder of dilettantism, spurns society, regards his daughter as a bit of young porcelain, and altogether lives in a world where a broken bibelot is of more importance than a broken heart. A sham in everything, the cold indifference to society which marked him in the impecunious state melts beneath the sun of prosperity. After his marriage he chiefly devotes himself to giving dinners, rather to hurt those excluded than to please those who come. To elevate this obscure great man into the realm of fashion and elegance for which he was born, but which has somehow escaped him, is the mission of the proud Isabel. If Osmond had been even a fraudulent reformer, with some pretence of worthy ambition, we might pardon her infatuation; but to throw herself away upon a man who owes his sole consequence to the paternity of Madame Merle's child, is something not to be forgiven. This we take to be the weak spot in an immensely clever story. It is asking too much that we should believe that a woman of Isabel's intellectual force could be taken in by so transparent a cheat. Burke once said that the Misellas, Lorimas, Properantias, and Rhodoclias of the great lexicographer were all Johnsons in petticoats. Far be it from us to liken the airy and graceful creations of Mr. James to the uncouth figures of "The Rambler," but we fear that Isabel Archer is only Mr. James in domino. If popular opinion be not at fault, Osmond is the sort of man to attract a female James.

Like all of Mr. James's stories, "The Portrait of a Lady" runs so smoothly that one almost longs for a jolt—something to indicate where the rails join, and destroy the illusion of the canal. Like all of them, not a character in it has a touch of religious sentiment—not even Pansy, or the casual nun who hurries across the scene. Otherwise it marks a decided advance on the part of its author. He has, however, not yet overcome

his inability to write what may be called a fifth act. A lamer conclusion to a brilliantly written story could ill be conceived. With the same precision as of yore, Mr. James, having neatly constructed his fiction up to a certain point, having, so to speak, put in his foundations with unusual care, and reared his walls to a stately height, proceeds to drop his roof into the cellar.

We know not how far we differ from the admirers of Mr. James's super-subtleties in saying so, but to us it is positively refreshing to get out of the musky intrigue of "The Portrait of a Lady" into the open air of Jocelyn's and the pleasant companionship of Miss Grace Breen, M.D., and her indocile patient Mrs. Maynard. To be sure, Miss Breen is quite as introspective as Isabel Archer, only in her case the outcome of self-study is humility. The victim of her "dearest girl-friend," to whom she has lost her lover, she seeks in a life of obscure usefulness to forget her sorrow. She has taken a degree in medicine without absorbing the poisonous notion that she is serving the cause of woman, and her worthy ambition is to practice her profession among the operatives of a factory town. So nun-like is her renunciation of all the vanities of her sex, that an invitation to drive with a young gentleman gives her "a strange thrill." Her first patient, unexpectedly thrust upon her hands, is an invalid school-mate to whom Grace is endeared by reason of her tolerance of certain Westernisms not properly valued at the boarding-school where both had been pupils. How Mrs. Maynard becomes dangerously ill; how under the combined nagging of her patient, and a mother who "thinks you ought to be good, and you ought to be sorry for it, but not so sorry as you ought to be for being happy," Grace begins to distrust her own skill; how Doctor Mulbridge is called in; how he falls in love with Grace; how his "rude moral force," so effective with "the sick married ones," is powerless in the presence of "a well girl"; and how utterly he fails to awaken the sentiment which Mr. Libby so easily inspires, we will not presume to set forth. The lessons of the story are that woman, in the effort to strike out for herself, finds her dearest foes among her own sex; and that she who would struggle for equal rights with man must be either passionless or ugly. These lessons are enforced in the author's most delight-

ful manner. To playfully illuminate the deepest social problems is his special gift.

Readers of Mr. Howells will perhaps find in Grace Breen some likeness to his earlier heroines, but surely none of them can recall the counterpart of Mrs. Maynard, who is fit to stand by Mrs. Nickleby and give direction. Her exclamation when she is put to bed with pneumonia, "Well, I should think George Maynard would want to be with his family!" in view of her recent application for a divorce from the gentleman named, is a stroke of genius. Persons of short descent will admire the candor of the following: "Mrs. Breen put up her spectacles on her forehead, and stared at her daughter, while some strong expressions out of the plebeian or rustic past, which lies only a generation or two behind most of us, rose to her lips."

Creating a man by the simple expedient of sticking a cigar in a woman's face, is an error into which the ordinary female novelist commonly falls; and it must be confessed that the women of ordinary male writers are too often men who do not smoke. Mr. Howells is not an ordinary male writer. That he knows women with a learned spirit, who that ever married one can doubt? "Doctor Breen's Practice" affords fresh illustration that in his hands the intricacies of feminine inconsequence are susceptible of kaleidoscopic combination. We cannot agree with an Eastern critic who recently called attention to the exiguity of Mr. Howells's materials. In our opinion, the spacious elegance of a gingerbread elephant bears no sort of comparison with the smallest intaglio.

H. A. HUNTINGTON.

A CLUMSY BIOGRAPHER.*

Symington's "Life and Works of Wordsworth," although it may in some degree contribute to the ever-growing interest in the great bard of Rydal, will, we are persuaded, add but little lustre to the name and fame of Mr. Symington. Wordsworth is a grand subject for a most instructive and fascinating biography; no finer opportunity for successful original criticism and characterization could be offered the writer desirous of distinction as a connoisseur of true poetry and of

true simplicity of life. Here have we the long-time unappreciated, the great misunderstood, the little-read Poet of his generation. His profundity and limpid sincerity, his intensity of political and social conviction, his plainness of religious belief, his perseverance in the face of cruel and dogmatic literary criticism, the strange republicanism of his youth and the staid conservatism of his maturer years, all invite and demand an interpreter. There is honor to be gained from careful performance of the pleasant task. But the labor is not one that should be undertaken for its pleasant promise; there is even more of the arduous than of the enticing in its composition. Mr. Symington has evidently weighed well the difficulty of the undertaking, but, unfortunately, he does not appear to have weighed with precision his own capability for the execution of it.

To place before the reading public an attractive account of the life and writings of any great man, three qualifications above all others are requisite: accurate knowledge of all facts germane to the subject; critical and sympathetic judgment as to the relative importance and sequence of these facts; lucid style in the presentation of the whole matter.

Mr. Symington displays fair acquaintance with the events of Wordsworth's life, and admirable knowledge concerning the material and purport of the poet's writings; but his claim to the second and third of the desiderata mentioned above he fails entirely to establish. With regard to judicious arrangement of anecdotes, tid-bits of literary gossip, incidents of domestic sorrow, hope, embarrassment, or success, we can detect in the two volumes not the slightest indication of design. Each paragraph is an indeterminate firkin warranted to hold ample or diminutive measure, as the case may be, of literary oil, wine, or water. Intrinsic adaptation matters nothing. Here are firkins and firkins, "just as fate or fancy carries." A page of thirty lines will not infrequently comprise half a dozen interjectional paragraphs, each, possibly, fraught with matter dissimilar to those which precede and succeed it. The following example may afford a fair idea of the extent to which this vice of abrupt transition is carried. On page 250 of the first volume is quoted Wordsworth's estimate of the genius of Dryden: "Although robust, 'he had neither a tender heart nor a

* WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Writings in Poetry and Prose. By Andrew J. Symington, F.R.S.N.A. Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

lofty sense of moral dignity.' The mention of a tender heart stirs vehemently the memory and sympathies of Mr. Symington; nor can he resist the temptation to indicate the passion of which his beloved Wordsworth was, at will, capable; we are therefore invited to dally for a season with the ecstasies of the poet's maudlin lover, "Vaudracour"—

"A man too happy for mortality."

What may be the connection between Vaudracour and Dryden will, we trust, be apparent to the keen-witted reader. The consideration of love, however, probably summons to the eyes of the biographer visions of the lyre and lyrics; for in the next paragraph we are informed, with surprising relevancy and solicitude:

"This year (1805) a new edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared."

With which gasp the sententious section breathes its last. So far through the passage under examination, we have, in some uncertain manner, traced an intricately labyrinthine sequence of idea; but now, in the article of desperate hope, the clue entirely escapes us. Can any Thesean expert grasp for us the relation existent between *Lyrical Ballads* and the following aberrant Minotaur?—

"In order to place before the reader Wordsworth's family history, in relation to money matters and his economical and business habits, we cannot do better than quote the following letter, written to Sir George H. Beaumont, Bart."

Perhaps *Lyrical Ballads* and business habits possess pecuniary brotherhood; we, however, must confess to the blankest ignorance of any logical fraternity between the concepts. In the letter to Sir George Beaumont, mention is made of certain moneys lent to Captain John Wordsworth, brother to the poet; we are accordingly hurried, in the succeeding paragraph, to a consideration of the life and character of this excellent man, his noble intentions and his untimely death—a consideration admirably appropriate in some other part of the work, but hardly cognate with any thought in the neighborhood. And thus, in the course of two "16mo" pages, we scan the horizon for Dryden's talents, Wordsworth's "Vaudracour and Julia," the "*Lyrical Ballads*," Wordsworth's business habits, and his estimable drowned brother John. A hundred such irrelevancies of statement might be cited—intellectual aeronautics from Dan to Beer-sheba. As things are, we cannot but regard

the inconsequence of idea, the profound contempt for all appositeness in arrangement, as absolutely ludicrous. Nor even when the narrative has given fair temporary promise of definite purpose, can it reasonably hold its own; some intrusive though never so exquisite poem, charmingly malicious in her destruction of all order and etiquette, will persistently thrust her pretty face and feet upon the unexpected scene. Now we are frequently glad to lose ourselves in the deep simplicity of the measures of Wordsworth, but, for all that, we have a decided preference for poetic *abandon* of our own choosing, or, at the least, for ingenious inducement on the part of the man who would tempt us to such poetic contemplation. So far, then, as critical judgment and proper disposition of material are concerned, we must make the best of the worst, and plead in Mr. Symington's favor the evident affection with which he approaches the career of the poet.

In grace of style, the third and most important of the qualifications of a biographer, the author of these volumes is singularly deficient. His constructions are loose, his figures weak, and his muse is horribly haunted by parenthetical clauses. The following sentence is a curiosity in pellucid expression, and will suffice to sustain the justice of our remarks. We refer it for examination to the expert, with the assurance, indeed, that the problem does not defy solution; but are temperate vices the only virtues requisite in good style? A certain antique cabinet in the possession of the Wordsworth family happens to be under consideration:

"Ellis Yarnall, an American gentleman to whom Wordsworth showed it, in describing his Rydal Mount visit to the late Professor Henry Reed, Wordsworth's accomplished and appreciative correspondent, and the friend who had introduced him to the poet, in mentioning the old chest thus refers to the pious motto carved on it: 'This Wordsworth repeated twice, and in an emphatic way, as he read the inscription,' " etc.

That is a logograph worthy to be carefully treasured up. Scotticisms are fortunately not plentiful, and we have noticed but one or two glaring solecisms in the two volumes. The style grows more easy, if possible, as the story proceeds, and in the second volume it is comparatively tolerable.

To enter at length into the immediate peculiarities of Mr. Symington's method has ap-

peared unavoidable, even at the risk of sacrificing all discussion concerning the subject of which these volumes treat. Such necessity has therefore hindered the performance of more pleasant criticism. To Mr. Symington's credit be it said that selections from the works of Wordsworth are presented in such profusion as should suggest to the student careful and interesting study of all that the poet has written. Besides forty-seven of Wordsworth's finest sonnets, some fifty other poems appear in full; while fragments from twice as many pieces of verse are introduced by way of example or by implication. "The Excursion," to which thirty-seven pages of the second volume are devoted, is excellently set forth in numerous excerpts accompanied by a running commentary of descriptive and philosophical explanation. With regard to extracts from prose writings, work not so widely known as are the poems of Wordsworth, the author has exercised commendable discernment. The poet was even as earnest and luminous in his prose as in his verse, although it cannot be denied that his influence as an essayist or a political enthusiast was of slight weight in comparison with his slowly-gained but enduring importance as an interpreter of the poetry that is in Nature. About a hundred judicious selections from his letters, miscellaneous essays, and reflections on poetics, have been furnished as indication of the poet's diversified and patient industry.

At the same time a painstaking chronicle of the life and a useful anthology of the writings of Wordsworth, these volumes, although destitute of nearly all the finer graces which should characterize a successful biography, possess one conspicuous merit: they are inspired by fond appreciation of the pure and unselfish labor that the master accomplished.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

AFTER a quarter of a century's probation in the obscurity of author's editions and desultory proof-sheets, Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have at last been taken in hand by a reputable publisher. To Mr. Whitman, this success, after so long a period of suppression and literary outlawry, is no doubt particularly grateful; and in the enjoyment of his triumph he may not unnaturally reject all hints afforded by its long postponement as to the value of his literary wares. Though the period during which he has been known as a writer has been one of great

activity and enterprise in the publishing trade, and one in which publishers have keenly sought for what was new and fresh in literature, none of them have been willing to risk either money or reputation on him in an unedited state, and his refusal to abridge or modify his work is understood to have been imperative. He is doubtless glad now that it was so, and will be very likely to find his personal independence and self-sufficiency reinforced by the event: though we could not easily call to mind a case in which reinforcements of this sort are less needed. The self-poise of one whose motto is "I blab myself" is not to be suspected lightly. Not wishing to repress sympathy rightly due to perseverance in the face of obstacles, we would yet suggest that congratulations in the present case may not imprudently be restricted as regards both promptness and effusiveness. A literary revolt, like a political one, must not be lauded too hastily. Having found a publisher, it remains to be seen if Mr. Whitman shall find a public. Before declaring him to be the new messiah of poetry, it may be well to take time at least to note the magnitude of the task to which he has set himself—which, practically, is not to found a new poetic school, but to work a poetic revolution. We do not purpose to undertake now any extended analysis of Mr. Whitman's characteristics. The most obvious and distinguishing of them—that which relates to poetic form—is, in our judgment, one which it is a waste of time to consider seriously. If his method of writing poetry be correct or even admissible, we might as well drop distinctions between poetry and prose, at least so far as expression is concerned,—a merchant's inventory or lawyer's brief being as good poetry as a ballad or sonnet, and the average political "leader" being as truly poetical (we will not say imaginative) as Shelley's Ode to the West Wind. The untutored citizen who avowed his inability to see anything in Whitman's poetry beyond "a lot of—cataloging" is an entirely competent witness in the case; and we would be quite willing to rest it upon his evidence, without recourse to the concurrent testimony of all poets who ever wrote—from the Hebrew melodists and the "impudent Highlander" Macpherson to the Sweet Singer of Michigan. Mr. Whitman, indeed, appears not to be content with the abrogation of all conventional notions of poetry and artificial contrivances for constructing and testing it. Not only are rhymes avoided by him and even measures shunned—spondees, dactyls, trochees, iambics, anapests, odes, ballads, and sonnets, kicked into chaos together, as frippery suited only to poets who lull their readers with "piano tunes,"—but he overrides and crushes out with remorseless effort even those innocently recurring cadences and natural rhythms which are so often the involuntary accompaniment of the expression of impassioned thought. He thus succeeds not only in avoiding all semblance of piano tunes or any other musical thing, but in producing singularly harsh and disagreeable prose. Whatever may be Mr. Whitman's powers of imagination and description, his lack of a sense of poetic fitness, his failure to understand the business of a poet, is certainly astounding. His disqualifications in these respects are scarcely

less phenomenal than those of a painter who should be insensible to shades of color, or of a draughtsman without perception of form. As the particular apostle and expounder of Nature, there is something inexplicable in his obtuseness to the existence of rhythm and cadence as elements in both Nature and the human soul. In view of his savage contempt for anything musical in poetry, it will be a fine stroke of the irony of fate if he shall be destined to be remembered only by the few pieces which are marked by the "piano-tune" quality that he derides—the true and tender lyric of "My Captain" and the fine poem on "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors." These pieces, with the magnificent threnody on Lincoln—"When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed"—and a few others in which there is an approach to metrical form, with fine lines and passages scattered here and there, are likely to be preserved in memory when his more characteristic pieces—those which are without form and void—shall exist only as curiosities of literature or are performing for their author the very proper function of sounding his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Of the more purely intellectual quality of these writings we have but little to say. It is not to our taste, even in prose, to dissociate the thing said from the manner of saying it; and such separation is quite impossible in poetry. We are aware how strongly Mr. Whitman is praised for his virility and freedom; but his virility, as applied to the purposes of poetry, seems to us not unlike what the virility of a buffalo bull might be as applied to carriage purposes, and his freedom such as might more properly be expected of an irresponsible and rampant savage. His democracy, so loudly proclaimed and oft reiterated, is of a sentimental and dramatic kind which addresses everyone with staccos of "*Camerado*," salutes as equal the "Caffre, Patagonian, Hottentot, Feejeeman, Greenlander, Lapp, Austral Negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip," and causes surprise only at his moderation in not including in his good-fellowship apes and baboons also. The grossness of Mr. Whitman's poetry is also a matter on which we do not care to dwell. In fact, some of his pieces are so very gross that it is almost indelicate to call attention to them even for purposes of condemnation. Grossness in literature is bad enough when introduced incidentally and apologetically; but when it is paraded without veil or foil, and not only tolerated for it but admiration for its author's candor is demanded, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of injury and resentment. We have no wish to make this matter in any way a question of personal moral quality. We are inclined to the opinion that if Mr. Whitman had been possessed of but a little humor, his poetry would have been less immoral; and we prefer to think that it is but a part of his general lack of the sense of poetic fitness and propriety that he fails to distinguish between what is erotic in poetry and what is simply bestial. The pieces of this class are not numerous in his volume, but it would be both difficult and undesirable to express their rankness of quality. The real gems which he offers us are furnished with a most unclean and offensive setting

—in disregard of the fact that selection and decoration are precisely the business of the poet. It is doubtful if there was ever before a writer, much less a poet, who showed such utter lack of taste in the selection of material. Under the plea—repeated so often as almost to discredit its sincerity—that he despises affectations and hypocrisies, and wishes to be as open and as free as Nature is, he invites us to clinical studies of men's lusts and to æsthetic considerations of carrion. The really good and beautiful things in his pages are blotched and fouled by their associations. The literary delicacies which he offers are garnished with garbage; he requires his readers to extract scattering grains of nourishment after the fashion of barnyard fowls. Perhaps his most serious error is in estimating the strength of the common poetic stomach by his own. Nature's impulses are usually unmistakable; and it is a triumph of that original Adam in man which Mr. Whitman celebrates that most uninvited stomachs reject with involuntary but decided symptoms of disapproval the mixture of wine and bilge-water, nectar and guano, which he has compounded and for which Messrs. Osgood & Co. have consented (let us hope not without some furtive qualms and indignation of the nostrils) to become the cup-bearers.

THE deliberately facetious treatment of history and biography carried into a somewhat pretentious series of books is certainly a novelty, possibly an anomaly. Such seems to be the distinctive idea of the series of "Lives of American Worthies" (Henry Holt & Co.), of which the first two volumes are "Christopher Columbus," by W. L. Alden, and "Captain John Smith," by Charles Dudley Warner. Opportunities for the whimsical treatment of these subjects are, of course, abundant, and have been improved by both these humorists, though by Mr. Warner with more reserve, perhaps timidity, than is shown by Mr. Alden,—possibly because the former perceived more clearly the dangers to which such a method might expose the sober portions of his work. To be funny in one sentence and serious in the next involves the disagreeable risk that the fun may be taken seriously or the sober statements may be received as jest. It is apparent from this that these works are but little in the style of Irving's famous history, where the conception and treatment are purely humorous, while the later works attempt rather to give serious history with a little fun thrown in. It is not unlikely, however, that the suggestion of the series is really due to Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker. The mixture of style in Mr. Alden's volume may be shown by quoting the opening sentence—"Christopher Columbus was born at more places and to a greater extent than any other eminent man known to history; he was born at frequent intervals from 1436 to 1446, and at Cogoletto, Genoa, Finale, Oneglia, Savona, Padrello, and Boggiasco,"—and contrasting it with the closing passage: "The greatness of Columbus cannot be argued away. The glow of his enthusiasm kindles our own, even at the long distance of four hundred years, and his heroic figure looms grander through successive centuries." In Mr. Warner's volume there is less cause to suspect latent fun in every sen-

tence, and, as though the gravity of his task grew upon him with the process of its execution, he settles down quickly to a good narrative style, and gives us a compact and truthful account of Smith, availing himself of the most recent researches and historical criticisms, and clearing away many of the romantic myths with which his hero is associated.

THE Hiram College Memorial to President Garfield, prepared by President Hinsdale, of the college, has just been published by J. R. Osgood & Co. It is composed of memorials of Garfield's life at Hiram, and the addresses delivered at the memorial service there after his death. These are peculiarly rich and interesting, coming from those who had known Garfield in his earlier life and who had been his most intimate friends and companions. Among these reminiscences we find that when Garfield first came to Hiram "he sought and obtained the position of janitor—a position reserved in those days for poor students who wanted a chance to help themselves. Two terms he made fires, swept the floors, and rang the bell. * * * A house is still standing in Hiram, the clapboards of which he planned in one of his vacations." An autograph letter written to President Hinsdale soon after the inauguration is peculiarly touching, and characteristic of the great heart to whom not worldly success and honors, nor the noise of politics, but home, friends, conscience, character, truth, were the real verities of life: "I throw you a line across the storm, to let you know that I think, when I have a moment between breaths, of the dear old quiet and peace of Hiram and Mentor." The speeches and addresses of Garfield on subjects pertaining to education are fittingly appended to the volume. A number of new views and portraits are given—the one of President Garfield being the best engraved likeness we have seen.

THE most recent addition to Roberts Brothers' "No Name" novels—"My Wife and My Wife's Sister"—proves in the reading to be a much better story than might be inferred from its cheap and unimpressive title. Its character is that of a semi-historic romance, the leading events being laid in France, though the story purports to be told by an American—an old Boston merchant of French extraction. The plot is somewhat complicated, and some little effort is required to understand it clearly, but the effort is very fairly rewarded. The story is full of exciting incident; many of the situations are dramatic, and some of them thrilling. The construction and elaboration of the story, though full of difficulties, is managed with great cleverness, and with a daring and a fertility of resource which suggest, for comparison at least, the romances of Mr. Hale.

"A HAPPY BOY" is the third of Professor Anderson's translations of Björnson's novels, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Like "Arne" and "Synnöve Solbakken," it deals with Norse peasant life, and is characterized by the simplicity, directness, and distinctness of impression which make those tales so admirable. Though the translator considers it the best of its author's stories of its class, we

should be disposed to prefer "Arne," which has a pathetic element—not so much in incident as in character and environment—that touches us more deeply than anything in "The Happy Boy." The latter, however, has a fine quality of humor, which must have been very rich in the original, and, it seems to us, is rather suggested than wholly preserved in the translation. There is much of this element in the character of old grandfather Ole, who says, grimly, "Let us care for ourselves in this world, it is the best thing we can do; love may do very well to talk about, but it is not worth much; it may answer for priests and such folks; peasants must look at it in a different light; first food, you see, then God's Word, then a little writing and arithmetic, and then a little love, if it happens to come in the way"; and who manifests his excitement on occasion by "going round, lifting his feet higher than usual, but the right foot always higher than the left."

MR. PAUL SOBOLESKI has provided for English readers a translation of the most important works of the poets of Poland—his native country, from which, however, he has been long an exile. The authors represent a period of three hundred years—the period during which Poland has had a distinctive national literature; and the selections give the reader an entirely new idea of the richness and variety of these poetic treasures, which have been hinted at rather than revealed by the few translations of Sir John Bowring. There are many fine lyrics and some charming pastorals; but, as might be supposed from the history and characteristics of the country, the poems are predominantly patriotic. Their key-note is sounded in the four lines upon the frontispiece, of which we give Mr. Soboleski's translation:

"Ye exiles, roaming through the world so helplessly and long,
When will your weary feet find rest, O broken-hearted throng?
The wild dove finds its hidden nest, the worm its native clod,
But Poland's son can only claim of earth a burial sod!"

Mr. Soboleski's volume has an introductory essay upon the "Poets and Poetry of Poland" and gives also biographical sketches of the various authors and portraits of many of them. It is published by the editor, in Chicago, and may rightly be looked upon as a curiosity and discovery by the literary student, and by the poetry-loving as a new source of pleasure.

THE "Peculiar People" described by the Rev. W. S. Balch in his "historical romance," published under that title by H. A. Sumner & Co., appear to be the members of a masonic or fraternal order dwelling in the mountain regions of Syria. They live in settled homes instead of tents, and practice agriculture and the arts of peace. They are respected by all who visit them, and are beginning to have an influence over the Bedouins, who, instead of annoying them, often seek their favor. Among these people "labor is made so pleasant and honorable that all seek it with delight. None disdain it. Loafers, loungers, and tramps are not there. Worthlessness is never seen in Nussara, nor are thefts, robberies, drunkenness, and insults, ever heard of." They are "zealous of good works, but know no authorized creed or form of worship, and will accept none but that taught in the

gospel of the Son of God." The work is very full in descriptions of social and religious customs in the East, particularly in the portion where these "Peculiar People" dwell. Its romantic element is derived from the experiences of a party of Americans, travelling in the region, who made the acquaintance of these "Peculiar People," and encountered among them many curious incidents and adventures.

MR. MAX ADELER'S "Fortunate Island," which, with "Other Stories," makes up a small illustrated volume published by Lee & Shepard, is of the order of romantic extravaganzas which are the author's strong if rather ineffective literary preference. It relates the adventures of an American professor and his daughter, who, shipwrecked at sea, drifted upon an island, which proved to be the lost Atlantis, where the inhabitants lived after the fashion of King Arthur and his subjects, and where the anachronistic mixture of chivalry, knights, tournaments, and castles, with the Professor's telephones and other modern inventions and ideas, yields no little amusement to the reader. Of the "Other Stories," "The City of Burlesque," "An Old Foggy," and "Major Dunwoody's Leg," are of the *bouffé* character, and "Jinnie" is a pathetic sketch of the cruel treatment of a serving-child by a brutal mistress.

A SERIES of books on "The Literary Life," to be edited by William Shepherd and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is inaugurated by a volume on "Authors and Authorship." It is composed of selections from the confessions and statements of various authors concerning their professional work and fortunes: a sort of "experience-meeting" among them. The testimony as to the attractions and rewards of a literary career is of course as varied as the fortunes of those by whom it is offered; but there is much in it that is curious and entertaining to literary workers, and that might be studied profitably by any who are thinking of joining the ranks. Mr. Shepherd has performed his task of collocation with modesty and discrimination, refraining from obtrusive suggestions of his own, and being content with furnishing "the string which binds the various extracts together."

A PRETTY little poetical anthology, limited to a special class—love-poems of a pure and elevated character—is just published by Geo. H. Ellis & Co., with the title "Tender and True." The pieces are culled and arranged with delicate taste and tact, and represent a good range of authors. Most of them are correctly printed and credited—though we notice that in the case of the familiar poem "Winifreda" the compiler has followed the common custom and given it to Gilbert Cooper, who must have been about three years of age when the poem first appeared in print.

DR. HAMILTON OSGOOD'S tiny volume on "Winter and Its Dangers" (Lindsay and Blakiston) has the merit of special timeliness and of very sensible and intelligent treatment of a vital subject of health. The peculiar dangers to which the young, the frail, and the aged are exposed in winter are considered under

the titles—which well suggest the scope of the book—"Dangers Arising from Errors in Dress," "Carelessness and Ignorance in Bathing," "Inattention to Pulmonary Food," "Indifference to Sunshine," "Sedentary Life and Neglect of Exercise," "Dangers of School-Life in Winter," "Winter Amusements." The matter is very compact, well arranged, and easily understood; and few persons enjoy such immunity from the dangers pointed at, as to be able to make a better investment of fifty cents and an hour's time than by buying the book and reading it.

MR. WHEELER'S index to the authorship of the more noted works of fiction, entitled "Who Wrote It?" issued by Lee & Shepard, must prove a very useful handy book of reference. The typographical arrangement and arrangement of headings is good, and the representation of noted poems by the first lines as well as by titles is very proper and advantageous. Defects in the work are of course to be expected, but these appear to be mainly on the side of its limitations. A volume large enough to contain all matter that might properly be included in such a work would be too bulky for convenience; and Mr. Wheeler has been successful in putting into small compass the results of a great amount of research.

THE "Shakespearean Myth" has bothered a good many people besides Mr. Appleton Morgan, but by none has it been examined more thoroughly, and, we may say, candidly, than by him in his work with that title, published by Robert Clarke & Co. His arguments and reasoning are of course much too elaborate to be stated here, but anyone interested in the question will be repaid for following them, whether or not he accepts the conclusion to which they lead—that Bacon is the *author* and Shakespeare the *editor* of the works commonly attributed to the latter. We are sorry to see in so worthy a book so many marks of careless proof-reading.

IN "Sketches of Travel," Mr. J. A. J. Kendig records the incidents and impressions of his journeyings through "The East, the Far East, and some of the By-Paths Thither." Mr. Kendig appears to have been a good traveller and a close observer; and the seeker for information, who is willing to hunt for it, may succeed in finding a good many things to interest and instruct him in these pages. But it is not easy to discover casually either the novelty of plan or brilliancy of treatment which would alone seem able to rescue the work from the neglect which is the not uncommon fate of books of travel.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

"FROM ANTIETAM TO FREDERICKSBURG," by Gen. F. W. Palfrey, will be the next volume in Scribner's series of "Campaigns of the Civil War."

MACMILLAN & Co. expect to have ready by the middle of the present month their one-volume edition of "The Voyage of the Vega," by Nordenskjöld.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will publish on January 21st: "The Mind of Mencius" (Eng. & Foreign Philosophical Library); an "Analytical Index to the

Works of Hawthorne"; "Noah Webster," by Horace E. Scudder (Am. Men of Letters); and "Aspects of Poetry," by J. C. Shairp.

A PORTRAIT of EMERSON, life-size, is added to the series of "Atlantic" portraits issued by the publishers of that magazine. It is one of the best of this admirable and popular series.

"IRELAND OF TO-DAY," by Margaret F. Sullivan, is announced by J. M. Stoddard & Co. We may expect to find in it a very forcible and clear discussion of the Irish question in all its phases.

BOTH volumes of Mr. Smith's "Life and Public Services of St. Clair" will be published by Robert Clarke & Co. during the present month. The work will be reviewed in the next number of THE DIAL.

H. A. SUMNER & Co. have recently published the fifth edition of their popular novel "No Gentlemen"; Dr. Hackett's "Illustrations of Scripture," suggested by a tour through the Holy Land; and other works.

LEE & SHEPARD will publish early this month "Numa Roumestan," by Alphonse Daudet, translated from the French by Virginia Champlin; and will also issue a new edition of the same author's "Kings in Exile."

SCRIBNER's reissue of the complete works of Dr. Holland, in neat 16mo volumes, will be supplemented by a volume of entirely new essays, and one made up from Dr. Holland's writings upon "Topics of the Time" in "Scribner's Monthly."

ROBERTS BROTHERS will publish very soon Miss Louisa M. Alcott's first novel, "Moods," entirely rewritten and revised; "School Sermons," by Prof. William Everett, of Adams Academy; and "Theodore Parker's Prayers," edited by F. B. Sanborn, with an introduction by Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

MR. DU CHAILLU's "Land of the Midnight Sun" has proved a success which has evidently surprised the publishers (Harper & Bros.), the edition provided by them, though large, having been exhausted in ten days. The success of the Swedish translation of the work has been no less remarkable, the first edition having been exhausted before the booksellers could fill their orders.

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD's address on "William B. Ogden and Early Days in Chicago," delivered recently before the Historical Society, appears in a pamphlet issued by the Fergus Printing Co. Mr. Ogden's life is so closely connected with the development and prosperity of Chicago that it is in a measure historic; and Mr. Arnold has rendered a valuable service in collecting and preserving the important incidents of his career.

THE first number of "The Bibliographer," a journal which has been well advertised in London through a dispute as to the right to use the title, has been received from J. W. Bouton, importer. It has broad pages and liberal margins, and altogether a pleasant antiquarian appearance which is well supported by its contents. We are glad to see references to the doings of American librarians, and shall hope to find in the magazine suitable recognition of the important bibliographical work done in this country.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of December by Messrs. JANSSEN, McCLURG & Co., Chicago.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Mendelssohn Family (1729-1847). From letters and journals. From the German of Sebastian Hensel. With eight portraits from drawings by Wilhelm Hensel. Second revised edition. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.00.

Worthies of the World. A series of Historical and critical sketches of the lives, actions and characters of great and eminent men of all countries and times. Edited by H. W. Dulcken, Ph. D. 8vo, pp. 768. \$3.50.

Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner. *American Men of Letters.* Edited by C. D. Warner. 16mo, pp. 304. \$1.25.

Christopher Columbus (1440-1506). The first American citizen (by adoption). By W. L. Alden. "Lives of American worthies." 16mo, pp. 287. \$1.25.

De Quincey. By David Masson. *English Men of Letters.* Edited by John Morley. 16mo, pp. 198. 75 cents.

Purcell. By Wm. H. Cummings. *The Great Musicians.* Edited by Francis Hueffer. 12mo, pp. 124. \$1.00.

Robert Hall. By Rev. E. Paxton Hood. *Heroes of Christian History.* 16mo, pp. 192. 75 cents.

Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By Donald Fraser, D.D. *Heroes of Christian History.* 16mo, pp. 176. 75 cents.

TRAVEL AND HISTORY.

Six Months Among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. By Isabella L. Bird. *Fourth Edition.* 12mo, pp. 318. \$2.50.

Land of the Bible. A geographical and topographical description of Palestine, with letters of travel in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece. By J. W. McGarvey. *New Edition.* 8vo, pp. 624. \$3.00.

Sketches From the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. 16mo, pp. 395. London. \$2.50.

Sketches of Travel. The East, the Far East, and some of the By-paths thither. By J. A. J. Kendig, A.B., A.M. 12mo, pp. 279. \$1.50.

Brief Summer Rambles Near Philadelphia. By Joel Cook. 16mo, pp. 303. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

History of the Campaign for the Conquest of Canada in 1776. From the death of Montgomery to the retreat of the British army under Sir Guy Carleton. By C. H. Jones. 8vo, pp. 234. *Portraits.* \$3.00.

America. A history. By Robert Mackenzie. 12mo, pp. 564. \$1.50.

Spain. By James A. Harrison. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 717. \$1.50.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. *New Edition. Uniform with New Editions of Motley, etc.* 4 vols., 8vo. \$8.00.

Renaissance in Italy. The age of the despots. By John A. Symonds. 8vo, pp. 644. \$3.50.

Renaissance in Italy. The revival of learning. By John A. Symonds. 8vo, pp. 549. \$3.50.

Text Book to Kant. The critique of pure reason, aesthetic, categories, schematism, translation, reproduction, commentary, index, with biographical sketch. By James H. Stirling, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 548. \$6.00.

A Manual of Hindu Pantheism. The Vedantassara translated, with copious annotations, by Major G. A. Jacob. *English and Foreign Philosophical Library.* 8vo, pp. 129. \$2.50.

The Chinese Classics. A translation by James Legge, D.D. Part I. Confucius. 8vo, pp. 219. \$3.00.

The Summer School of Philosophy at Mt. Desert. By J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated. 4to. \$3.50.

Orations and Essays. With selected parish sermons. By J. Lewis Diman, D.D. 12mo, pp. 416. \$2.50.

Authors and Authorship. *The Literary Life.* Edited by William Shepherd. 18mo, pp. 258. \$1.25.

Seven Voices of Sympathy. From the writings of H. W. Longfellow. Edited by Charlotte F. Bates. 16mo, pp. 258. \$1.25.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. A new translation, with a biographical essay, and an appendix of rhymed choral odes and lyrical dialogues. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D. 16mo, pp. 502. \$1.50.

The Tragedies of Aeschylus. A new translation with a biographical essay and an appendix of rhymed choral odes. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D. 16mo, pp. 578. \$1.50.

Mary Stuart. A tragedy. By Algernon C. Swinburne. 16mo, pp. 256. \$1.75.

Extracts From the Writings of W. M. Thackeray. Chiefly philosophical and reflective. *Portrait.* 16mo, pp. 395. \$1.75.

A Trip to the Brocken. From the German of Heinrich Heine. 16mo, pp. 109. *London.* \$1.00.

Materialism. Ancient and modern. By a late fellow of Trinity college, Cambridge. 16mo, pp. 43. *London.* 75 cents.

Lessons in Life. A series of familiar essays. By Timothy Titcomb. *New Edition.* 16mo, pp. 321. \$1.25.

Operas. Their writers and their plots. By "Notelrac." 16mo, pp. 106. 75 cents.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland. *New edition.* 16mo, pp. 309. \$1.25.

Common Sense About Women. By T. W. Higginson. 16mo, pp. 403. \$1.50.

POETRY AND ART.

Poets and Poetry of Poland. A Collection of Polish Verse, including a Short Account of the History of Polish Poetry, with Sixty Biographical Sketches of Poland's Poets and Specimens of Their Composition. Translated into the English Language. Edited by Paul Sobolewski. 8vo, pp. 464. \$3.50.

Your Mission. By Ellen M. H. Gates. Illustrated by F. S. Church and others. 4to. \$2.00.

Poems. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. 16mo, pp. 172. \$1.25.

Poems, Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets. By Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. *Portrait.* 18mo, pp. 400. \$2.00.

The Parent-Heart in Song. Compiled by Levietta B. Conner. 16mo, pp. 303. \$2.00.

Tender and True. Poems of love. Selected by the editor of *Quiet Hours*, etc. 18mo, pp. 180; plain, \$1; gilt, \$1.50.

Kathrina. A poem. By J. G. Holland. *New edition.* 16mo, pp. 223. \$1.25.

Etudes in Modern French Art. Illustrated with ten plates, *India proofs*, and numerous fac-similes of original drawings. By Edward Strahan. Folio. Beautifully bound in ornamented vellum. \$10.00.

The Art of Decoration. By H. R. Haweis. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 407. *London.* \$3.50.

EDUCATIONAL.

Books and Reading; or What Books Shall I Read, and How Shall I Read Them? By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 434. \$2.00.

Manual of Object-Teaching. With illustrative lessons in methods and science of education. By N. A. Calkins. 12mo, pp. 469. \$1.25.

The Protagonists of Plato. With an introduction and critical and explanatory notes. By E. G. Sihler, Ph. D. 16mo, pp. 140. 75 cents.

A First German Course. Part I. Containing grammar, delectas, and exercise book, with vocabularies and materials for German conversation. On the plan of Dr. Wm. Smith's "Principia Latina." *Third edition, revised and enlarged.* 16mo. 50 cents.

Appendix to Initia Graeca. Part I. Additional exercises, with examination papers. With an introduction to Initia Graeca Part II. By William Smith, D.C.L. 16mo, pp. 106. 40 cents.

REFERENCE.

Words, Facts and Phrases. A dictionary of curious and out-of-the-way matters. By Eliezer Edwards. 12mo, pp. 631. Half leather. \$2.50.

The Verbalist. A manual devoted to brief discussions of the right and the wrong use of words, etc. By Alfred Ayres. 18mo, pp. 220. \$1.00.

A Reading Diary of Modern Fiction. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

POLITICS, TRADE, ETC.

A Critical Review of American Politics. By Charles Reemelin. 8vo, pp. 630. \$3.00.

Practical Politics. The Tenant Farmer, by James Howard; Foreign policy, by M. E. Grant Duffy, M.P. Freedom of Land, by G. S. Lefevre, M.P.; British Colonial Policy, by Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., M.P. 8vo, pp. 291. *London.* \$2.00.

International Trade, and the Relation Between Exports and Imports. By Sir John B. Phear. 16mo, pp. 80. *London.* 90 cents.

A Treatise on the Law of Stock Brokers. By Arthur and George Biddle. 8vo, pp. 445. Law Sheep. \$5.00.

A Few Facts and Suggestions on Money, Trade and Banking. By J. H. Walker. 16mo, pp. 105. 75 cents.

FICTION.

My Lord and My Lady. By Mrs. Forester. 16mo, pp. 335. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

A Laodicean; or, The Castle of the De Stancys. A tale of to-day. By Thos. Hardy. "*Leisure Hour Series.*" 16mo, pp. 432. \$1.00.

A Happy Boy. From the Norse of Ejornstjerne Bjornson. By Rasmus B. Anderson. 16mo, pp. 165. \$1.00.

Joseph's Coat. By David C. Murray. 16mo, pp. 506. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Faith and Unfaith. By the author of "Phyllis," etc. 16mo, pp. 302. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence. By Mary Cowden Clarke. *New Edition.* 16mo, pp. 511. \$1.00.

Hogan, M. P. By the author of "Christy Carew." *New Edition.* 12mo, pp. 491. \$1.00.

The Initials. A Story of Modern Life. From the French of the Baroness Tauphous. 16mo. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

The Land of Gold. A Tale of '49. Illustrative of Early Pioneer Life in California, and Founded upon Fact. By Geo. G. Spurr. 12mo, pp. 271. \$1.50.

The Fortunate Island, and Other Stories. By Max Adler. 16mo. \$1.00.

Higher Than the Church. An Art Legend of Ancient Times. From the German of Wilhelmine Von Hillern. 18mo. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

NEW NOS. IN FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

A Laodicean. By Thos. Hardy. 20 cents.

A Grape From a Thorn. By Jas. Payn. 20 cents.

Giuseppe Garibaldi. By T. T. Bent. 20 cents.

Sir Christopher Wren. By Lucy Phillimore. 20 cents.

The Question of Cain. By Mrs. C. Hoey. 20 cents.

Civil Service in Great Britain. By D. B. Eaton. 25 cents.

JUVENILE.

My Boy and I; or, On the Road to Slumberland. By Mary D. Brine. Designed by Louis C. Tiffany. Oblong quarto, unique, flexible leather covers. \$5.00.

At Home. Illustrated by J. G. Sowerby. Decorated by Thomas Crane. 4to. \$2.50.

R. Caldecott's Picture Book No. 2. Colored illustrations. 4to. \$2.50.

The Adventures of Her Baby. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. 4to. \$2.00.

Sketches and Scraps. By Laura E. Richards, with pictures by Henry Richards. 4to. \$2.00.

Driven to Sea; or, The Adventures of Norrie Seton. By Mrs. George Cupples. 12mo, pp. 332. \$1.50.

Milly and Olly; or, A Holiday Among the Mountains. By Mrs. T. H. Ward. Illustrated. 18mo. \$1.50.

The Ike Partington Series. By B. P. Shillaber. 3 vols. Illustrated. \$3.75.

Recollections of Aunt House. A Book for Children. By C. Auton. Illustrated. 4to. Boards, \$1.25.

Jeanette's Cisterns. By Lynde Palmer. 16mo, pp. 281. \$1.25.

The Deserted Ship: A Story of the Atlantic. Being adventures in the early life of Cupples Howe, Mariner. By George Cupples. 12mo, pp. 258. \$1.25.

The Double-Runner Club; or, The Lively Boys of Rivertown. By B. P. Shillaber. 16mo. \$1.25.

Like a Gentleman. 16mo. \$1.00.

RELIGIOUS.

Events and Epochs in Religious History. By James Freeman Clarke. 12mo. pp. 402. \$3.00.

The Religions of India. From the French of A. Barth, by Rev. J. Wood. "*English and Foreign Philosophical Library.*" 8vo, pp. 309. \$5.00.

Sabbath Home Readings. A Series of Meditations for the Lord's Day upon Vital Themes of Spiritual Thought, Experience and Duty. By J. W. Cornelius. 16mo, pp. 582. \$1.50.

Mission Life in Greece and Palestine. Memorials of Mary B. Baldwin, Missionary to Athens and Joppa. By Mrs. Emma R. Pitman. 12mo, pp. 360. \$1.50.

A Study of the Pentateuch for Popular Reading. Being an inquiry into the Age of the So-called Books of Moses, with an Introductory Examination of Recent Dutch Theories as Represented by Dr. Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." By Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D. 16mo, pp. 233. \$1.25.

Ecce Spiritus. A statement of the spiritual principal of Jesus as the law of life. 12mo, pp. 228. \$1.25.

June to May. The Sermons of a year. By Edward E. Hale. 12mo, pp. 215. \$1.25.

The Last Supper of Our Lord, and His words of consolation to the Disciples. By J. M. Lang, D.D. 16mo, pp. 258. London. \$1.25.

Sermons to the People. Preached chiefly in St. Paul's Cathedral. By H. P. Liddon, D.D. 12mo, pp. 347. \$1.25.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. The prayer of childhood in literature and song. By Wm. Oland Bourne. 4to, pp. 148. \$1.35.

The Way of Life. By George S. Merriam. 16mo, pp. 205. \$1.00.

MEDICAL.

The Diagnosis and Treatment of the Eye. By Henry W. Williams, A.M., M.D. *New and greatly enlarged edition.* 8vo, pp. 464. \$4.00.

A Practical Manual of the Diseases of Children. With a formulary. By Edward Ellis, M.D. *Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged.* 12mo, pp. 533. \$3.50.

Koumiss; or, Fermented Mare's Milk, and its uses in the treatment and cure of Pulmonary Consumption and other Wasting Diseases, etc. By G. L. Garrick, M.D., etc. 12mo, pp. 294. London. \$4.30.

Frozen Sections of a Child. By Thos. Dwight, M.D. *Fifteen Drawings from Nature,* by H. P. Quincy, M.D. Large 8vo, pp. 66. \$3.00.

A Manual of Midwifery. By Alfred Meadows, M.D., Assisted by Albert T. Benn, M.D. *Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged.* 16mo, pp. 498. \$2.50.

The Opium Habit and Alcoholism. A Treatise on the Habits of Opium and its Compounds; Alcohol; Chloral-Hydrate, etc. etc., including their Therapeutical Indications; With Suggestions for Treating Various Painful Complications. By Dr. F. H. Hubbard. 16mo, pp. 259. \$2.50.

Pocket-Book of Physical Diagnosis. For the student and physician. By Dr. Edward T. Bruen. 16mo, pp. 256. \$2.00.

Lectures on the Pathological Anatomy of the Nervous System. Diseases of the spinal cord. From the French of J. M. Charcot. 8vo, pp. 165. \$1.75.

Suppression of Urine. Chemical descriptions and analysis of symptoms. By E. P. Fowler, M.D. 8vo, pp. 86. \$1.60.

Lectures on Electricity. (Dynamic and Franklinic.) In its relations to medicine and surgery. By A. D. Rockwell, A.M., M.D. *New Edition.* 8vo, pp. 122. \$1.25.

Aids to Diagnosis. Part III. What to Ask. By J. M. Fothergill, M.D. Paper, 35 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Winter and Its Dangers. By Hamilton Osgood, M.D. *"American Health Primers."* Paper, 50 cents.

[Any book in this list will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by JANSSEN, McCLELLAN & Co., Chicago.]

JOHN HOLLAND,

Manufacturer of all Styles of

BEST QUALITY GOLD PENS,

Pencil Cases, Novelties in Charm Pencils,

GOLD TOOTH-PICKS, FINE PEN-HOLDERS, Etc.

Our Gold Pens received the Highest Award at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. "FOR GREAT ELASTICITY AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE." See Report of Judges, published by Lippincott & Co., Phila. *For sale by the trade.*

MANUFACTORY AND SALESROOM:

19 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

Illustrated Price Lists Mailed on Application.

ESTERBROOK'S

STEEL PENS,

Of Superior and Standard Quality.

POPULAR NUMBERS: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Company,

26 JOHN STREET,

Works: Camden, N. J.

NEW YORK.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S MASTERPIECE.

NUMA ROUMESTAN

By the author of "Kings in Exile," "Tartarin of Tarascon," etc. Translated from the French by Miss VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. 16mo, with all the original illustrations. Cloth, \$1.

The hero of this novel is generally accepted as a picture of the great Gambetta.

A Paris correspondent says:

"The appearance of Alphonse Daudet's new novel is an event in the literary world. The first edition numbered

48,000 COPIES.

We read the twenty chapters of the book with almost uninterrupted pleasure. It is full of wit, of charm, of irony, of delicate observation."

The *Literary World* says:

"Every new production of his pen is a delightful surprise. As a faithful representative of contemporary life, 'Numa' must be ranked among the author's masterpieces; and whether dealing with the tumultuous reception of the hero at his native town or with the varying phases of Parisian society, from the student's café to the ministerial salon, it is marked throughout by that wonderful power of word-painting of which Mr. Daudet alone possesses the secret."

Also, uniform with "Numa Roumestan," by same author, a new edition of

"KINGS IN EXILE."

16mo. Cloth, \$1.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT WOMEN,

By T. W. HIGGINSON.

Treating of: 1. Physiology. 2. Temperance. 3. Home. 4. Society. 5. Education. 6. Industry. 7. Principles of Government. 8. Suffrage, and Objections to Suffrage. Cloth, \$1.50.

WHO WROTE IT?

An index to the authorship of the noted works in ancient and modern literature. By WM. A. and CHAS. G. WHEELER. Cloth, \$3.

THE AGE OF FABLE; OR, BEAUTIES OF MYTHOLOGY,

By THOMAS BULFINCH. A new and enlarged edition from new plates. New illustrations, with additions to the original text, by E. E. HALE. Crown 8vo. \$2.50.

HAND-BOOK OF LIGHT GYMNASTICS.

By LUCY B. HUNT, Instructor in Gymnastics at Smith (Female) College. •Cloth, 50 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS.

LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

16mo, cloth, \$1.

THE FORTUNATE ISLAND,

And other Stories, by MAX ADELER. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.

NUNA, THE BRAHMIN GIRL: THE LIFE AND LOVE OF A HINDU PRINCESS.

By HARRY W. FRENCH, the popular lecturer on "Oriental India" and "The Himalayas"; author of "Castle Foam," "Ego," "Art and Artists," "Gems of Genius." Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

Mrs. Cheney's Hand-Books:

PATIENCE. A series of solitaire games with cards. 75 cents. SOCIAL GAMES, with cards for the home circle. 75 cents.

Sold by all booksellers, or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Catalogues mailed free to any address.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We would announce to the public that we will publish, on the 20th of January, a VALENTINE POEM entitled "MY LOVE," illustrated with *six designs in water colors* by Mr. Carl Guthertz, Professor of Design and Painting in Washington University, St. Louis.

This Valentine is finished in the highest style of art, and has been pronounced, by art connoisseurs and critics who have seen it, to be the handsomest one ever presented to the public, both in artistic design and finish, and in the quality of workmanship displayed in its execution, and is one that will be of permanent value and interest.

The designs are 6×9 inches in size, and mounted in six different styles, as follows:

STYLES OF MOUNTING.

- No. 1.—Plain with silk hinge, cord and tassel; an ornamental card-board protector and envelope, each \$3.
- No. 2.—Same with heavy silk fringe, cord and tassels, card-board protector, and enclosed in a box instead of an envelope, each \$2.50.
- No. 3.—Mounted between heavy Passe Partout Mats, 8×11 inches; gilt edge, in box, each \$3.50.
- No. 4.—Bound in Album style, gilt edge, heavy beveled boards, silk finish, muslin, in box, each \$3.
- No. 5.—Same in morocco binding, each \$4.
- No. 6.—Same as No. 2, but enclosed in a handsome *silk plush box*, each \$5.

As we have published a limited edition only of "MY LOVE," and have already entered a large number of orders for it, the trade will do well to send in their orders at once to insure attention, as it will be impossible to get out another edition in time for St. Valentine's day.

ACME STATIONERY & PAPER CO., 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE, AND TRADE SUPPLIED, BY JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.

Three Remarkable Novels.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

A Novel. By the author of "Mrs. Geoffrey," "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc. 12mo, extra cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 60 cents.

"All her stories are written in a charming style, witty and sparkling, and fascinating from beginning to end."—*Baltimore Gazette*.

MY LORD AND MY LADY.

A Novel. By Mrs. FORRESTER, author of "Mignon," "Diana Carew," "Rhona," "Roy and Viola," etc. 12mo, extra cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 60 cents.

"A very interesting story, which is in all respects worthy of being ranked with 'Viva,' 'Dolores,' and the other stories of this talented author."—*Boston Globe*.

"This novel will take a high place among the successes of the season. It is as fresh a novel as it is interesting, as attractive as it is realistically true, as full of novelty of presentation as it is of close study and observation of life."—*London World*.

JULIAN KARSLAKE'S SECRET.

A Novel. By Mrs. JOHN HODDER NEEDELL. 12mo, extra cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 60 cents.

"A very attractive story, with finely drawn characters. The management of the dramatic situations shows a powerful hand."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

"A first-class piece of work which will be sure to please whoever can appreciate a good thing when they read it. There is not a stupid chapter or a dull page from the beginning to the end of the story."—*Albany Journal*.

* * * For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of the price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

AN INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

A New Novel by Miss DOUGLAS. 12mo, 487 pp. illustrated. Cloth, side and back stamp. Retail price \$1.50.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"Is a novel which cannot fail to become exceedingly popular with that portion of our people who find in a well written romance the necessary gold to give a gilt-edged finish to such aspirations as may give a new pleasure to existence."—*Albany Post*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"This is an amusing story, racy in style, interesting in plan, and charming in delineation of characters. . . . A captivating story."—*The Saturday Evening Post, of San Francisco*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"Full of life from beginning to end. It is one of those lively books that are always in demand."—*The Grand Rapids Eagle*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"Miss Douglas has written a very pleasant domestic story. The family is a lively one, and their several characters are deftly drawn."—*The Chicago Evening Journal*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"There is a good deal of bright anecdote in the book."—*The Troy Times*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"It is a homelike story with no silly nonsense in it. . . . It ought to have a large sale."—*The Commercial Advocate, of Detroit*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"This is a cleverly contrived story, possessing marked originality and interest."—*Philadelphia Herald*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"A lively, rattling story of county and village life."—*Pittsburgh Daily Post*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"A spicily written story, of powerful grasp and decidedly Western texture. We have been exceedingly favorably impressed with the story, and think our readers will agree with us in this opinion."—*Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle*.

WE, VON ARLDENS.

"It is a very spicy book, bubbling over with wit and repartee of a harmless kind. . . . In fact, the book is a very pleasant pill to take for the blues."—*Boston Sunday Herald*.

HENRY A. SUMNER & CO., 205 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR 1882

Will be of the same sterling and varied excellence as heretofore, giving the best Serial and Short Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry, Criticism, and discussion of important Timely Topics. It will contain

SERIAL STORIES

BY

THOMAS HARDY.

THE EMINENT ENGLISH NOVELIST:

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "Friends,"
"The Gates Ajar," etc.;

W. H. BISHOP, author of "Detmold";

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, author of "A Study of Hawthorne."

THE ATLANTIC WRITERS

INCLUDE, BESIDES MANY OTHERS,

H. W. LONGFELLOW,
J. G. WHITTIER,
O. W. HOLMES,
J. R. LOWELL,
E. C. STEDMAN,
W. D. HOWELLS,
HENRY JAMES, JR.,
PHILLIPS BROOKS,
RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
T. B. ALDRICH,
HORACE E. SCUDDER,
ROSS TERRY COOKE,

C. D. WARNER,
T. W. HIGGINSON,
E. L. GODKIN,
SAMUEL ORNE JEWETT,
JOHN BURROUGHS,
EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
LUCY LARCOM,
JOHN FISKE,
JAMES PARTON,
H. H.,
CELIA THAXTER,
EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE ATLANTIC furnishes in the course of the year as much reading as is contained in TWENTY ORDINARY BOOKS of 300 pages each.

"We do not know of any exercise which gives the patriotic American a more lively and grateful sense of the superiority of the best magazine literature in this country to periodical publications of the same class in Europe than turning over the pages of a bound volume of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. There is nothing in England which compares favorably with this excellent publication."—*New York Tribune*.

"Well established as the best representative of American periodical literature which appeals to readers by its own charms."—*New York Evening Post*.

TERMS: \$4 a year, in advance, postage free. With superb life-size portrait of EMERSON (new), LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, WHITTIER, LOWELL, or HOLMES, \$5; with two portraits, \$6; with three, \$7; with four, \$8; with five, \$9; with all six portraits, \$10.

JANUARY NUMBER CONTAINS

POLICE REPORT. W. D. Howells.

AN ECHO OF PASSION. The first three chapters of a Serial Story by George P. Lathrop.

JOHN BAPTIST AT THE JORDAN. The first of a series of exceedingly interesting articles on the Life and Times of Jesus Christ. By Edward E. Hale.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH. The first of an important series of papers by the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life."

And other Stories, Essays, Poems, and Reviews, by H. H., J. T. Trowbridge, Elizabeth Robins, Edith M. Thomas, A. G. Bradley, John Fiske, Horace E. Scudder, S. A. L. E. M., and others.

Remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago as Second-Class matter.

THE

Popular Science Monthly

FOR 1882.

Conducted by E. L. & W. J. Youmans.

Choose your magazine by the standard it adopts, and the quality of what it brings you each month.

If it is sensational and superficial, and its staple is pictures and stories, and it has no higher object than to amuse, leave it to the shallow-minded multitude for which it was made: it is better to pay a little more and get a periodical of higher grade.

"The Popular Science Monthly" was established to raise the standard of popular reading in this country. Magazines are more and more taking the place of books; first-class minds are devoting themselves with increasing readiness to the work of popular instruction, and when their sterling contributions upon the most important subjects could find no place in our widely circulated periodicals it became necessary to have a magazine that would give expression to advancing scientific thought for the benefit of the more intelligent classes of the community. In the efficient performance of this service "The Popular Science Monthly" is now generally recognized as without a competitor.

The standard at which we have aimed and to which we have worked will be kept up and improved upon by increasing experience. Our articles will be, first of all, instructive and valuable, but no pains will be spared to make them also entertaining and attractive. While we will not cater to frivolity we shall do all in our power to make the pages of the "Monthly" agreeable as well as useful.

Those who desire to know what is going on in the world of thought in these stirring times, when new knowledge is rapidly extending and old errors are giving way, will find it year by year increasingly necessary to subscribe for "The Popular Science Monthly."

It contains portraits of distinguished men of science, and each number has one or more illustrated articles.

Terms, \$5 per annum, or 50 cents a number.

The volumes begin with May and November of each year, and subscriptions may begin at any time.

D. Appleton & Co., Publishers,

1, 3, and 5 Bond Street, New York.